

1489. t. 60.

THE
CONFERENCE;
OR,
Gregg's Ghost, &c.



CONFERENCE

OR

Gregg's Choice

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THE
CONFERENCE;
OR,
Gregg's Ghost:

WITH THE
Character of a PURITAN
and a Holy SISTER,

BY
K. *James* the First.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Baker, at the Black-Boy, in Pa-
ter-Noster-Row. 1711. Price 6 d.

THE

CONFERENCE

OR

Gregg's Ghost



Character of a W. R. T. A. N.
and a Holy Spirit

BY

James the First

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THE
CONFERENCE;

OR,
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ABout the Time that the third Head of *Cerberus* had set the Watch for the other two that were fallen asleep, in came a Spirit Booted and Spurr'd, and commanded the Gates of the Infernal Palace to be open'd, which was immediately done, without a Word of *Pray, Sir, remember the Porter.*

Who should this be but one of *Lucifer's* Emissaries, *William Greg*, whom he had sent into this World to *Evesdrop* for Intelligence, to keep Company, to counterfeit sometimes *Tory*, and sometimes *Whig*, and make what Discoveries he could.

Lucifer had been gaming most Part of the Night, and was very drowfie, when they brought him word, that such a one was attending below ; but understanding his Business, he order'd him present Admittance.

May it please your most Obscured Highness, said *Belfagor*, for that was the Name of the *Plutonian* Spy, ever since his Admission into the Territories below, You sent me into the other World to make Discoveries ; and it was upon this ground, for that you believ'd your two Brothers, *Jupiter*, and *Neptune* had been injurious to you, in giving you the worst Share of the Universe, and therefore you were resolv'd upon new Pretensions, to make an Exchange or an Invasion, and not be confin'd any longer to Shades and Darkness. To this purpose you sent me to examin into the Genius of your intended Subjects. Sir, Take my Advice, and stay where you are ; since, as for your Brother *Jupiter*, I have made some enquiry after him, but find him to be altogether worn out of Date, so far from being ador'd and worship'd, that you shall hardly hear him nam'd unless it be now and then in a Thunder-thumping Tragedy : And for your Brother *Neptune*, the Queen of *Great Brittain*, has turn'd him out of all his Dominions,

and

and is likely to be Sovereign Lady of the whole Ocean that flows between both the Poles. As for the Earth, I mean that Part of the Universe, where those Creatures call'd Mortals live; the *French King* no more dreaming of Mortality, than you of Dying, holds himself resolved notwithstanding all his Incredible Losses to make himself the Universal Monarch of it. To which Purpose, he daily goes on, vexing, tormenting, and ineroaching upon his Neighbours, that no body can live in quiet for him. No Leagues will hold him, no Faith will bind him up; so that although your most *Serene Sootiness* well know how deeply you are engag'd to the Observance of your Oath, if you only Swear by *Styx*, yet is he so regardless of those Things, that if you mind him of his Treaty Attestations, he presently shrugs up his Shoulders and laughs at you—as much as to say— he knows better Things. He has bought *Spain* by Wholesale, and I wish you your self may keep your self safe from his Treasure.

Pluto. Let him be ne're so Rich, and never so great a Disturber, I think I am able to match him, both in Numbers and Wealth.

Belfagor.

Belfagor. I grant it, Sir, you excel him in Number; but then alas! Sir, What signifies your Millions of Skeletons, Shadows only of Men, that live merely upon the Air, to encounter with so many Thousands of well Disciplined *Sa, Sa's*, whose Bones are cover'd with hard Flesh, and outwardly fortified with Cloths and Armour; within, with Soup, Pottage, Ragousts, and Claret, which they will have if it be upon Earth--- Then, for your Wealth Sir,---- 'Tis true, you may make these Mortals, especially the most Active of them do e'en what you please for your Money; but then again they are so quarellsome, so mutinous, so seditious, so turbulent, so restless, that you who have reign'd always in Peace, and in perpetual Unity with your own natural Subjects, and with so much Awe, and Arbitrary Dominion over Foreigners, will never endure to be pestered, worried, hamper'd and perplex'd, by these Humane Terrestrials as you must expect to be.

Pluto. But how if I can get in by Conquest?

Belfagor. Ah, Sir, I would not have you by any means to attempt it, for they'll be too hard for you in two Things; the one side will out-pray you, and the other will out-swear you; and then pray tell me, what

what will become of all your Millions? All the vast Army, and all the Numerous Captains that *MILTON's Paradise lost* musters up for you, they'll all do you not a Pin'sworth of Good.

Pluto. This seems somewhat strange, I thought I could have dealt well enough with Mankind: I am sure I find the proudest of them all tame enough here.

Belfagor. That's nothing, Sir, when they are Incarnate, they are quite another thing; and therefore, if your *Sootyness* will not believe, you had best go Incognito, and make the Experiment. Nay, Sir, to tell you more, there is one little Spot of the Terrestrial Globe, a Place call'd *Revolution Island*, which you may easily cover with one of your Princely black Thumbs, where they are in the strangest Confusion imaginable; and all about a Business which I am sure you would never trouble your Head with; much less endure to have your Rest disturb'd, your Repose disorder'd, and your Pleasures interrupted for it.

Pluto. Prithee what's that?

Belfagor. Religion, Sir, or at least, that is the Grand Pretence.

Pluto. I believe that, which you call *Revolution Island*, is *SICILY*; for that Island is monstrous Hot, as I am told, and from a

B

Mountain

Mountain that burns continually in it, fancy to be the Vent of my Kitchen-Chimney, and therefore it may be rationally thought to have some more than ordinary Influence on the Heads of the People.

Belfagor. No, no, Sir, 'tis call'd *Revolution Island*, from the Inconstancy of its Inhabitants, who are all perpetually under Disguises, Jealousies, Fears, and Misconstructions. One Man calls his Neighbour *Whig*, and is himself in return for it term'd a *Tory*; another gives his Neighbour the Term of a *Phanatick*, or *Low-Church-Man*, and has the Title of a *Tantivy-Man*, or *High-flyer* bestow'd upon him for so doing.

Pluto. By the Mass, I never heard of such Quaint Names before.

Belfagor. No, Sir, I believe you did not; but 'tis come to that pass now, that all the *Goosequillers* are got into the Field Skirmishing continually, without any Thoughts of Winter-Quarters.

Pluto. *Goosequillers*, say'st thou? What sort of Militia is this? Who Commands them?

Belfagor. May it please your most Obnubilated Highness, they are for the most part convers'd with in the shapes of Men, but

but I rather look on them with a *Partie per Pale* prospect, half Devil, half Man. The Great Generals of the Party are, General *Examiner*, General *Medley*, General *Observer* and General *Review*, with several Party-Men of lesser Fame, such as the *Colonels*, *Post-Man*, *Post-Boy*, *Daily-Courant*, and *Flying-Post*.

Pluto. What sort of Weapons do they use?

Belfagor. Pamphlets Sir; you may go into a Coffee-House, and see a Table of half an Acre's length, cover'd with nothing but Tobacco-Pipes and Pamphlets, and all the Seats full of Mortals leaning upon their Elbows, licking in Tobacco, Lyes, and Lac'd-Coffee, and studying for Arguments to revile one another with.

Pluto. How comes all this to pass?

Belfagor. By virtue Sir of a certain Devilish Engine of your own inventing, call'd a Printing-Press.

Pluto. Aye, but all this while, these are all only Tools, who are Artists that manage and handle them.

Belfagor. Sir, The Inhabitants of the Island told me, those Artists were great Friends of yours; that is to say, the Pope, and certain Viperous Animals of his Fostering, call'd Priests and Jesuits.

B 2

Pluto.

Pluto. O hang them, they'd Embroil my Kingdoms too, if they could; but thou knowest what Massy Bolts and Locks I have been forc'd to keep them under, ever since I smelt them out; and what extraordinary Corrections I give Orders for, to keep them Low and Quiet. Well, But what Pranks had these Fellows been Playing in *Revolution Island*?

Belfagor. Why, Sir, They have been playing the Devil with two Sticks. They had set up a most Cruel and Barbarous Plot to Destroy the Queen of the Island, and her Chief Ministers by the Hands of a Villainous Assassin; but it being timely discover'd and prevented, the Design seem'd so Execrable, so Detestable, so Abominable, so Pernicious, and Destructive to the very Being and Welfare of Mankind; that the Pope, his Priests and Jesuits, have been labouring all the ways imaginable to throw off the Shame and Ignominy of the Thing from themselves, and fix it upon the Heretics. For this Purpose, they laid down this for a Maxim, that if the Princess of the Island were once set against that Part of her Subjects, which they most dreaded, and by them lately call'd *Whigs*, and they proyo'd against the Government, she would not only be alienated from them, but be in
a man-

a manner compell'd for her own Security, to join with them against her new display'd Enemies. The Design being thus laid to imbitter the Sovereign against the Subject, and the Subject against the Sovereign, the Pope and the Jesuits embodied themselves with the *Tories*, (among whom *Credulity* and Heat of the Brain reign very Powerfully,) and made them believe strange Stories, and Romances of the *Whigs*, as if they were Machinating against the Regal Government, and introducing Republican Systems, building Castles in the Air for Garrisons, making the Tenures of the several Offices and Posts they held perpetual. Tales all as false, as ridiculous and improbable, though Vindicated and Asserted Weekly by the *Post-Boy*, and the *Examiner*, who were set loose by their Friends in Power, to bawl out *Forty-One, Forty-One, Oh Forty-One*, have a care of *Forty-One*, beware of *Forty-One*, Bow, wow, wow, wow, *Forty-One*. Don't you remember Sir, what a Dreadful Noise our Dog *Cerberus* made one Night, when *The-sens* came Hectoring down hither, and broke your Highnesses's Palace Windows?

Pluto.

Pluto. Very well; for which *Theseus* gave the Cur such a confounded Palt, after his manner, that his Tripple Pate was under a necessity of being anointed with Butter and Beer for six Months after.

Belfagor. Well Sir, Even such a wicked Noise do these two wide mouth'd *Melampus's* make. And all this while the Tantivy Men and High-flyers spit in their Mouths, Collect Silver-sops for them amongst the Rest of the Tribe; and when they have reduc'd them into *Aurum Potabile*, present it for their further Encouragement. Having by these ways endeavour'd to render the Subject suspected to the Prince, their next Game was to render the Prince Odious to the Subject; by advising her to recall her gracious Dispensation of severe Laws, and to cause Penalties to be put in Execution for the Enforcement of their Conscience, of which the *Whigs* are said to be very nice and tender. A thing which the *Whigs* lament very much, as knowing how little they vary in Points of Controversie from the *Tories*.

Pluto. Has the Prince of the Island been work'd up to pursue these Measures of theirs?

Belfagor.

Belfagor. Far from it-- She's a Religious Observer of her Word, and having promis'd such as Dissent from the Establish'd Religion that she will maintain the Toler-ation granted them by her Royal Predecessor, she holds her resolv'd to keep it Inviolable, mauer all Insinuations that may be made use of by their inveterate Enemies.

Pluto. So, then you say, the Jesuits are they, that set the *Tories* and *Whigs* together by the Ears.

Belfagor. You have it right Sir, and they still continue the Fewd.

Pluto. All this while good *Belfagor*, What is a *Tory*? What is a *Whig*? What are these *Tantivy-Men*, these *Examiners*, *Medlymongers*, *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, *Observers*, *Reviews*, *Post-Boys*, *Post-Men*, *Daily-Courants*, and *Flying-Posts*?

Belfagor. May it please your most Royal *Tenebrosity*, when I first came to hear of these uncooth Names, I was as much aghast as your Highness seems now to be. I ne'er was so afraid in my Life, but that they had been some new Inventions of the Men of Schemes, to send us Trotting about the World in their Fools Errands; but long it was not, e'er they began to make Characters one of another, or some body for them,
and

and that puts us out of those Fears; all which I presently bought up, as well to inform my own Ignorance, as your Highness's Curiosity. The first I met with was that of a *Tory*.

Pluto. And where is it?

Belfagor. 'Tis here in my Paw, I intend if your Sootiness will give me leave to read it.

Pluto. Do so.

Belfagor. A *Tory* is a Monster, with an *English* Face, a *French* Heart, and an *Irish* Conscience. A Creature of a large *Forehead*, prodigious *Mouth*, supple *Hams* and no *Brains*. The Countryman's Description of him was both Rhyme and Reason, *Roary*, *Whorey*, *Sworey*, *Scorey*, that's a *Tory*; for *Noise* and *Debauchery*, *Oaths* and *Beggary* are the four Elements that compose him. His *Arms* are those of *Issachar*, an *Ass Couchant*, and his Mark is Doctor *Sacheverell* and the six Bishops in his Handkerchief, to shew that his Religion is rather in his Pocket than his Heart, and made pretence of only for Shew. He seems descended from *Esau*, since he is ready to truck away an Invaluable *Birth-right* for a *French-Kickshaw*, and a Nauseous Mess of *Italian Pottage*. Or if you will run his Pedigree higher, you may call him a *Noddite*, one of the

the Race of *Cain* the *Murderer*, that would
fain be persecuting his Brother, only be-
cause he's more *Righteous* than he.

Take our *Tories* in the *State*, and they
are *Caterpillars* that devour every *Green*
Thing in a flourishing *Kingdom*, and would
stab *Liberty* and *Property* to the Heart,
that they themselves like *Beasts of Prey*,
might live wholly upon *Spoil* and *Rapine*,
fit only to be Subjects to *Nebuchadnezzar*,
who bereav'd of humane Sense, hearded
with the *Wild Asses* of the *Desert*. Tho'
they boast themselves *Englishmen*, yet they
Act in all Things as *Antipodes* to their Na-
tive Country, and seem rather *Bogtrotters*
transplanted, the *Spawn* of some *Redshanks*,
or the *By-blows* of the *Old Slazy Lord*
Danes, that once *Domineer'd* over our An-
cestors. They are a sort of *Wild Boars*,
that would root out the *Constitution*, and
break the *Ballance* of our happy Govern-
ment, to render that *Despotick*, which has
hitherto been both *Established* and bounded
by *Law*. *Fauxes* in *Masquerade*, that with
Dark-Lanthorn Policies, would at once
blow up the two *Bulwarks* of our Free-
dom, *Parliaments* and *Juries*, making the
first only a *Parliament of Paris*, and the
latter but mere *Tools* to *Eccho* back the
Pleasure of a *Judge*. They are so certain
C that

that Monarchy is *Jure Divino*, that they look upon all People living under Aristocracies, or Democracies to be in a State of Damnation; and fancy that the *Grand Seignior*, the *Czar of Muscovy*, and the *French King* drop'd down from Heaven with Crowns upon their Heads, and that all their Subjects were born with *Saddles* upon their Backs. Your true *Tory* is as fond of *Slavery*, as others are of *Liberty*, and will be at as much Pains and Charge to obtain it; for he envies the Happiness of *Canvasses Breeches* and *Wooden-Shoes*; and extremely admires the *Mercy* of the *Inquisition*. He rails at *Magna Charta*, as the Seed Plot of *Sedition*, Swears that it was first obtain'd by *Rebellion*, and that all our Forefathers were *Rogues* and *Fools*, and did not understand *Prerogative*. He wonders why People should squander away their Time at the *Inns of Court*, or what need there is either of the *Common-Law* or the *Statute Book*, since the Prince might at any Time, with quicker dispatch declare his Pleasure in any Point or Controversie, and each Loyal Subject is bound to acquiesce on Pain of Damnation. Yet after all, his boasted Loyalty extends no further than a Drunken Health; he *Roars* and *Swaggers*, but does not serve the Sovereign; he promises Mountains, and by Lies and Mis-

repre-

representations, gives false Measures, but performs nothing; nor is it the *Cause* but the *Crust* that he *barks* for.

Then in relation to the Church; a *Tory* is either a *Crab Protestant*, that crawls *backward* as fast as he can to *Rome*, or at best but the *Cats-foot* wherewith the *Romish Monkeys* claw the Protestant Religion till the Blood comes: One that does their *Drudgery*, tho' he has not always the Wit to see it; and all the ways he has to expect is *Polyphemus* his Courtesie, to be devoured the last. He is a *Flambeau* kindled by the *Jesuits* and flung in to make a Combustion among us. Whilst we were hunting down their Plot with a full Cry, they slipp'd in their deep mouth'd Hound, who spending on a false *Scent* diverted the Chase, and so the *Popish Puss* squats safe in her Form. He pretends high for the Church of *England*, but as he understands not her Doctrine, so he dishonours her by his *Lewd Conversation*. What a pretty Pious Confession of Faith is it, to hear a Bully cry, *God damn me, I am of the Church of England, and for the Doctor, and all the Dissenters are Sons of Whores?* Indeed the only Proof both of his Religion and Courage is, that he Swears most frequently by that Tremendous Name, at which lesser Devils tremble, and his

Christianity consists in Cursing all those whom he is pleas'd to call *Fanaticks*; and *Fanaticks* he calls all those who are not either Papists or Atheists. His Tongue is always tip'd with a fashionable Oath and *Forty One*; and so hot that he is fain to drink Healths (sometimes to the Pope, and sometimes to the Devil) Sixty times an Hour to quench it, and then Belches out *Huzzas* as fast as *Mount Strumbulo* does Fire and Brimstone.

Whilst he clamours at Tender Consciences for not coming to Church, he thinks it Canonical enough for himself to sleep over the *Lords Day*, to digest the Fumes of *Saturday's* Debauch, or take a walk in *St. Pauls*, peep in at the Preacher, and presently retire to the Tavern for a whet to Dinner; or else takes a turn in the *Park* to meet some of the *October Club*, with whom he drolls away the Day in Blasphemy, ridiculing Religious Duties, or inventing *Jack-Pudding* Lies of some pretended *Nonconformists* Preaching. If he be somewhat of a more serious Temper, he is as very a Superstitious Biggot as any in the Papacy, he would rather have no Preaching, than that the Surplice should be left off in the Pulpit, and thinks his Child not Christned if he has not more than one Sign of the Cross.

Cross, He counts *Opus Operatum* sufficient, and if he has been but at *Common Prayer*, and made his Responses loud enough to drown the *Clark*, and has had the Parson's Blessing at the Close of the Sermon, his Task is done and all is safe. Flesh on a *Friday* is a greater Abomination to him than his Neighbours Bed, and he abhors more, not to bow at the Syllables of the Word *Jesus* than to Swear by the Name of God.

He has got a *New English Dictionary* fram'd by the Indefatigable Skill of the *Rehearsal* and *Examiner*, whereby he Traverses the most Loyal and honest Sense into Blasphemy and Treason: Hereditary Right and an Unlimited Obedience in the Theme he is perpetually dwelling upon, and talk soberly to him of Religion and a Legal Submission, he flaps you over the Face with Heresie, Schism, Fanaticism, and Faction, or roundly calls you a confounded *Whig*, and so you are confuted. Urge never so modestly *Legal fundamental Rights*, and mention Irregularities, though in a Place appointed to remedy them, he cries out *Rebellion! Treason!* you depose the *Queen!* you arraign the *Government!* &c. mention the *Commons of Great Britain*, and the general Sense of the Nation, and he Exclaims, *Damn the Mobile, and your Appeals to the*
Rabble,

Rabble, and yet at the same time Courts and Applauds Tag, Rag, and Long-tail; the Ale-Drapers and Chandlers of *New-Sarum*, and such other Worshipful Patriots for declaring their Three-half-penny Judgments of the highest Affairs of State in their Addresses. And as for the two last Parliaments, every Petty *Chapman* and *Apprentice*, takes upon him to Censure the grave Proceedings of those venerable *Senates*, as Malepertly as if they had been a Company of Fidlers.

Yet still he fears not God so much as a *Parliament*, but the Reason why he Blaspheemes the *one*, and Rails at the *other*, is, because as he really believes not a future Judgment in the other World, so he puts far off the other (to him) Evil Day in this, and hopes to escape the Justice of both by the Mediation of Saint *Noli prosequi*.

Pluto. Well, What's the next? for I like this so well, that I must hear all the rest.

Belfagor. Why, Sir, the next is the Character of a *Whig*, but a Correspondent of mine, of that Stamp, says its so indifferently Pen'd, that it cannot afford your Highness matter enough for one Smile, and therefore if you please, I'll hang that by on the Jesuits File.

Pluto.

Pluto. By no means without Reading, for it behoves us that are to be their Judges when they come under Ground, to give them no Indications of our Partiality before they come upon their Tryals.

Belfagor. I am all Obedience, 'tis in the Examiner's own Words, and runs thus (Reads) He has naturally no great Veneration for Crowned Heads, and prefers the Act of Toleration to the well being of the Constitution. He allows the Person of the Prince, may upon many Occasions be resisted by Arms, and does not condemn the War rais'd against King Charles the First, or own it to be a Rebellion, though he would be thought to blame his Murther. He does not think the Prerogative pair'd enough, and has therefore taken care (as a Particular Mark of Veneration, for the Illustrious House of Hannover) to clip it closer against the next Reign, (which consequently he would be glad to see done in the present. As to Religion, his Universal undisputed Maxim is, that it ought to make no Distinction among Protestants; and in the Word Protestant he includes every Body who is not a Papist, and who will by an Oath give Security to the Government. Union in Discipline and Doctrine, the Offensive Sin of Schism, the
Notion

‘ Notion of a Church and a Hierarchy, he
 ‘ Laughs at as Foppery, Cant and Priest-
 ‘ craft.

Pluto. *Rhadamanthus* must have Fin’d
 you at the next Sessions of the Peace, had
 you flung this Character by as you intend-
 ed, because it seems to be very just.

Belfagor. Nay, Sir, if your Highness is
 out of the *Low-Church* Interest, and is
 pleas’d with what is written against it, I
 have the *Whigs* Mothers Genealogy by me;
 whose Name is *FACTION*, that comes
 from the same Hand, and has been very
 entertaining to the Adversaries of that Party
 that dwells above Stairs.

Pluto. You mistake me wonderfully, I
 can hear matters of both sides, and yet be
 partial to my good Friends after that is
 done. Out with it, for I am all Attention.

Belfagor. (Reads) ‘ Liberty the Daughter
 ‘ of Oppression, after having brought forth
 ‘ several fair Children, as Riches, Arts,
 ‘ Learning, Trade, and many others; was
 ‘ at last deliver’d of her Youngest Daughter
 ‘ called *FACTION*, when *Juno* was doing
 ‘ the Office of the Midwife, distorted it in its
 ‘ Birth, out of Envy to the Mother, from
 ‘ whence it deriv’d its Peevishness and
 ‘ Sickly Constitution. However, as it is
 ‘ often the Nature of Parents to grow most
 ‘ fond

' fond of their Youngest and Disagreeablest
 ' Children, so it happen'd with Liberty,
 ' who doated on this Daughter to such a
 ' degree, that by her good will she would
 ' never suffer the Girl to be out of her
 ' sight: As Miss *FACTION* grew up, she
 ' became so Termagant and Froward, that
 ' there was no enduring her any longer
 ' in Heaven; *Jupiter* gave her warning to
 ' be gone, and her Mother rather than
 ' forsake her, took the whole Family down
 ' to Earth. She landed at first in *Greece*,
 ' was expell'd by degrees through all the
 ' Cities by her Daughters ill Conduct;
 ' fled afterwards to *Italy*, and being Ba-
 ' nish'd thence took shelter among the *Goths*,
 ' with whom she pass'd into most Parts of
 ' *Europe*; but driven out every where.
 ' She began to lose esteem, and her Daugh-
 ' ters Faults were imputed to her self; so
 ' that at this time she has hardly a Place in
 ' the World to retire to. One would won-
 ' der what strange Qualities this Daughter
 ' must possess sufficient to blast the Influence
 ' of so Divine a Mother, and the rest of
 ' her Children. She always affected to
 ' keep Mean and Scandalous Company;
 ' valuing no Body, but just as they agreed
 ' with her in every Capricious Opinion
 ' she thought fit to take up; and rigorously
 D ' exacting

' exacting Compliance, tho' she chang'd
 ' Sentiments ever so often. Her great Em-
 ' ployment was to breed *Discord* among
 ' Friends and Relations, and make up
 ' *monstrous Alliances* between those Dispo-
 ' sitions which least resembled each other.
 ' Whoever offer'd to contradict her, though
 ' in the most insignificant Trifle, she would
 ' be sure to distinguish by some Igno-
 ' minious Appellation, and allow them to
 ' have neither Honour, Wit, Beauty,
 ' Learning, Honesty or common Sense.
 ' She intruded into all Companies at the
 ' most unseasonable Times, mix'd at Balls,
 ' Assemblies, and other Parties of Pleasure,
 ' haunted every Coffee-House and Book-
 ' seller's-Shop, and by her perpetual talking
 ' filled all Places with Disturbance and
 ' Confusion, she buzz'd about the Merchant
 ' in the *Exchange*, the Divine in his Pulpit,
 ' and the Shopkeeper behind his Counter.
 ' Above all she frequented Publick Assem-
 ' blies, where she sat in the shape of an
 ' Obscene, Ominous Bird, ready to prompt
 ' her Friends as they spoke.

Pluto. If I understand this Fable right,
 it ought to be applied to those who set
 themselves up against the true Interest of
 their Country, and its Poignant enough to
 inflame the Party it is levell'd against, so

as to make for our Business, who are always Gainers by Publick Dissentions and Misunderstandings, but what is the next.

Belfagor. Why the Character of a *Tantriv-Man*.

Pluto. Come, Read that likewise.

Belfagor. 'He's a jolly brisk young Huff
' in Crape or Cloth, which the Draper will
' Trust him with, Reperteeing, Railing,
' Drolling and Drinking. His Library be-
' sides Comedies and Novels, are *Grotius* on
' the *Canticles*, his *Votum pro Papaciâ*, *Ovid*
' *de Arte Amandi*, *Cassandra*, *P. Maim-*
' *burgh*, *Sham-History of Lutherism*, and
' *Bennet's Spinosâ*, which you must know he
' reads for Confutation and Direction only.
' As for his Religion it is an Aristocracy;
' he can Burlesque our little *Dissenting*
' *Slaves*, at whom, like a true *Spiri-*
' *tual Venetian* he opposes the Privileges
' of his Enthusiastick Parliament to the
' Royalties of Holy Daddy, and this under
' specious Pretence of their Liberties and
' Immunities of the *Gallicane*, and other
' *Jure Divino* Grandees, though he cannot
' for all that easily brook the Infallible
' Cheat; yet should at this Time of Day
' go by the *Elizabeth* Name of *Antichrist*.
' He is a Man-Midwife, and has been for
' some Years an Apprentice to Mother

‘ *Celliers* Heiress and Daughter, yet affects
 ‘ a singularity in the Mystery. He would
 ‘ deliver the Monster with the Heels fore-
 ‘ most. All Systems in Theology he dis-
 ‘ likes, as favouring of *Wittenburgh*, and
 ‘ the *Lake Lemanne*, excepting this concise
 ‘ and pithy one of his own compiling,
 ‘ which as being a Lover of the Art of
 ‘ Climbing, he hath made in a Climax or
 ‘ or Ladder, fashion thus; *No Christenings,*
 ‘ *no Salvation, no Salvation, no Grace, no*
 ‘ *Grace, no Bishops, no Bishops, no Salvation,*
 ‘ whence as clear as Day Light, Damna-
 ‘ tion to all *Geneva* Men. His Church is
 ‘ much too large for a *Brittish* Head;
 ‘ For of late it reaches from the Isles of
 ‘ *Orcades*, to the Grand Seignior’s Seraglio,
 ‘ and better fits the Term of *Fifth Monarchy*
 ‘ Monsieur, than of a Protestant English
 ‘ Prince; he has taken an Oath that her
 ‘ most Sacred Majesty (whom God for
 ‘ ever preserve from him, and all false
 ‘ Traitors) *is in all Causes, and over all*
 ‘ *Persons, in these her Dominions, Supreme*
 ‘ *Head and Governour*, and yet would per-
 ‘ fidiously advance into her Place, a *Juncto*
 ‘ of Foreign Mitre-Men, wherein the very
 ‘ Pope, if he’ll but for once disclaim Ar-
 ‘ bitrary Power, and give his Word to
 ‘ be Civil, may preside in *Pontificalibus*.
 ‘ In

' In a Word, he is a servile Parasite, a
 ' proud Hector, the Cats Foot to the Jesuit,
 ' an underminer of Civil Power, a Mo-
 ' nopolizer of base Spirits, a Disbeliever,
 ' of *High-Church* Contrivance; he turns
 ' Faith into Policy, Religion into Intreague,
 ' and Devotion into Hypocrisie, he banters
 ' Heaven, abuses the World, and betrays
 ' his Country.

Pluto. *Belfagor*, Thou art a Rogue, I
 never laugh'd so heartily before; Specious
 ' Pretences, and Bant'ring of Heaven, with
 a Rope to 'em. Well the next.

Belfagor. Why Sir, the next for the sake
 of dearly beloved Brotherhood, have so
 wrap'd themselves up in one another, that
 I cannot read them distinctly.

Pluto. Then let's have them coupled to-
 gether, just as they Hunt.

Belfagor. *The Character of the EXAMI-
 NER and his Brother ABEL.* The one is
 a mere *Fidler* in Scandal and Falshood, and
 the other Plays the *Treble* to his *Base*. They
 Skin and Scarify the Act of Toleration,
 and Teize about *Forty One*, till they lose it,
 to get so much *per Week*, to Drink the
 Gentlemens Healths of the *October Club* with.
 After all their deep Contemplations, and
 delving in the Rubbish of the late Times,
 the *Examiner* keeps a great Bustle in the
 World

World every *Thursday*, to prove there is as great Address in borrowing Discourse, as in *Stealing* the Affections of a **young Lady* against the Consent of her Parents. He is one that tugs at the labouring Oar of Mischief, to turn the Head of Conscience with his Tide. He and *Abel* are the Men, for whose sake even the *Mismanagers* of the Administration may be pittied, for lying under the lash and sweet Revenge of their Non-sensical and Inhumane Triumphs. The *Examiner* is one that mightily Thirsts and Pants after Adoration in Coffee-Houses, and Places of Resort, and is the very *Adonis* of the Dean and Chapter of *Westminster*, amongst whom, because he cannot take Tobacco, he talks nothing but *Smoke*. He and *Abel* have reason to shake Hands, in regard their Tails are so close tied together like *Samson's Foxes* to Fire the Nation. Neither Truth, Honesty, or right Maxims of State do they consider, nor how to temper the various Mixtures in the Variety of Opinion; suffering themselves to be carried away with the Stream of present Transactions, and forgetting the Rules of that Profession to which they both Aspire, that there is Harmony in Discord, which since it cannot be avoided, is to be well and Artificially bound and sweetened, not exasperated. It may be question'd
whether

whether the *Examiner* and his Brother *Abel*, may not more truly be said to be the *Jack-Puddings* of the Nation, that Play the *Fool* during the Fair Time, for the private Advatage of them that set them at work, or the *Ignes Fatui*, that endeavour to lead the Peoples astray with their False Lights, appearances of Reason only, and the Evening Flashes and Dazlings of unpond'ed and undigested Truth. They are the common Receptacle of *Contribution Drollery*. Were every Man's Name to his Conceit, their Pamphlets would look like the Roll of Benefactors to *Christ's Church*, *Bethlem*, and *Bridewell-Hospitals*; the true Experiment of the Proverb, *Tot Homines, tot Sententie*. It may be thought, that like *Castor* and *Pollux* they were Hatch'd out of a *Leda's Eggs*, while they make such Havock of *Goose-quills*, and act the Part of *Officious Ganders* over the rest of the Vulgar Flock: Tho' it is not to be imagin'd, that the Capitol of the Commonwealth should ever be saved by their clamorous Impertinencies, yet they may be said to be like *Mongrels*, that Bark at *Somgelders*. They are afraid of something by a Sympathetick Compunction, yet know not what to call it. *Tory* and *Whig* are the Groundwork upon which they lay the *Purle* and *Embroidery* of their Fictitious Contrivances. With these Implements, and other Sheep-

marks

marks of Distinction, they endeavour to raise a Civil War in every Private Family, to break and dissolve the harmless Bonds of honest Society and Conversation, and *Guelph* and *Ghibelline* the Nation into Confusion. Sometimes they are so Confident as to Name particular Persons, and Barbarously let loose the detested Custom of the *Vetus Comedia*, so long exploded by the Civil Greeks, to worry the Reputation of those that will not feed their Humours. The Jesuit is now got of the other side, and Frisks it in his Wanton Conceits, like a Fat Heifer in a Rich Pasture, and Chuckles again to see those that confounded his *Real Presence*, and other Shams of his Prophane Idolatry, now reviling and Tongue Persecuting those that hope for the Joys of Eternity by a better Sacrament.

'Tis true, they are very merry, but still they Play like Melancholick Gamesters, the Right Hand against the Left; so that it is no wonder they should win all they throw at, only sometimes they get a Rub from *Bartholomew Close*, and then they cry *Hoop, here is Work for another Week*: But as one Passionate Word in Scolding draws on another, and the Feud will never abate, while the Heat and Fury of the Animosities is continued, therefore it were to be wish'd, that Care might be taken for the suppression of
all

all these *Goosequill Maroders*. They are base and inconsiderate, more sway'd by *Guineas* and Hopes of ingratiating themselves into Favour with those that employ them, than by true Loyalty or Reason. They make no Distinction between *Dissenters* out of *Faction*, and Dissenters out of pure and immaculate Consciences, but run Tempestuously upon a most undoubted Body of the *Protestant Religion* without Exception. Masqueraded Champions, and it seems well pay'd for their *Tilting*. They consider not, that though Reflections upon Sovereign Princes are abominable, yet the Sober and Temperate Discourse of Liberty was always allow'd. In short they take those Liberties themselves to an Excess of License which they deny to others, and they may be said to be a *Nobile Par Fratrum*, and made as it were on purpose to be usher'd into the World with a Joint-Stock of Assurance. If the *Examiner* has more Learning, *Abel* has more Impudence, and the World must say this in behalf of the latter, that if the first tells an Untruth with a better Grace, the last has a better Stock of them, and furnishes the Inquisitive with Variety of them Three times a Week.

Pluto. Why these are Fine Fellows indeed! Well, But how *Belfagor* did you find these Characters to agree with the Persons?

Belfagor. All the Observation I could make was this, that they agreed well enough with some, but very ill with others. They hit the Humours of the vain and looser sort of the one, and the more designing and turbulent of the other Party, but never touch'd the rest, who are of all the far greater Number. So that all this Paper Scuffle seem'd to me to be only to amuse the Vulgar and the Ignorant, and to raise a general Combustion in the Nation, to the end the *State Salamanders* might secure themselves in the Flames. And for the Scriblers themselves, those great Generals of so many Battalions of Waste-Paper, I leave to your Highness's Judgment, for I am sure it will one Day come to that, whether or no they would not Write for you upon Occasion, since they are such as only for the present farm out their Extravagant Fancies, and lowly surrender themselves to be the Tools of Mischief and Disorder for a little immediate Gain, wherein they are yet so unsuccessful, as not to gain the least Conquest upon Men of Reason
and

and Discretion. Sir, Did you never hear of *Forty-One*?

Pluto. Yes, and was my self a great Actor too at that time.

Belfagor. And what does your Highness think of an Old Weather-beaten States-Man, that should go about to recover an Intreague, in which he had once lost himself, by the same Measures, by the same beaten Road, and by the same Strife and common Artifices, still so fresh in Memory, that every Politician in Power would easily know how to obviate.

Pluto. I should think him a Fool; a mere Fisher for Frogs, that thinks to catch the Multitude again with a Bait, which they had swallow'd already so much to their Prejudice.

Belfagor. Wherefore then, so much noise with *Forty-One*? The Stale, over-grown, thread-bare Pretences of which, are now known to every Apprentice; which makes me think, that the *Whigs*, Men of deep and profound Judgments and Contrivances, and that have much to lose upon Miscarriage must have newer studied and refined Intreagues, if any at all than those of *Forty-One*; or else it is impossible that they should be guilty of those Practices which are laid to their Charge; from whence it is as impossi-

ble they should ever dream of the least success, while there is but Two-Penny worth of Vigilancy over them.

Besides, Sir, one thing more I observ'd in the Travels I made through that Kingdom once before, that before the Grand-Plot, the *Whigs* were accounted good Subjects, had all the gracious Compliance, Loyal Hearts, and open Purse that could be wish'd for; so that all things pass'd, seem'd to be buried in the Grave of Oblivion. But no sooner were the Diabolical Machinations of your Highness's Nephew the Pope discover'd, but up starts *Forty-One* in a Winding-Sheet, and made such a Noise in the Streets, that nothing could stand in Competition with it. Then it was that the Papists countenanc'd by some of the greatest Personages in *Revolution Island*, like the Hare that never makes more Doublings and Turnings, than when she hears the full Cry of Fields ring the Peal of Death in her Ears, finding the *Whigs* in Chace of their Plot, and still chasing it upon the Hot Scent of fresh Discovery, were resolv'd, if they they could, to spoil their Noses by strewing good store of Pepper upon the Trail. To this purpose they set up one of their Minions to thwart the first Discoverer, to contradict him, teaze him, vex him, discountenance,

countenance, discourage, and render him fallacious, an Impostor, and consequently ridiculous to the People. Nay, he was so vent'rous, tho' he durst not absolutely deny the Plot, in the Infancy of its Discovery, as to fix it so for a time by his Libelling Charms, that it seem'd to hang in an Airy doubt between Truth and Untruth, like your Highnesses Brother Mahomet's Tomb between Heaven and Earth. But his Magick Spells being broken by the Grand Senate of *Revolution Island*, it rested again upon the *Terra firma* of the so much upbraided Discovery, and then the *Maggot* was forc'd to creep into a *Holland-Cheese*, for fear of being brought to Condign Punishment. For the Grand Senate of the *Island*, notwithstanding all his little Potions of Intoxication caress'd the Discoverers, and Prosecuted the Criminals with that noble Zeal, that your Highness well knows the Harvest you have reap'd thereby.

Pluto. Ah, *Belfagor*, *Belfagor*, a poor Wheat-Sheaf to what I should have had, could the Design have been compleated, and I have had but my Due.

Belfagor. I confess it most Fuscous *Lucifer*; I have always had that Experience of your Justice, that you love not to be named with the Innocent.

Pluto.

Pluto. I cannot say so *Belfagor*, for the Nocent and Innocent are all one to me. But I must needs say when the Innocent come in Shoals, I have a far worse Opinion of them that send, than of those that are sent, as verily believing there must be most devilish soul Play in the Case.

Belfagor. Thus far, Sir, as I have hinted before, all the Treason, all the Ignominy, all the Shame, all the Villainy of the Design, all the Blame that your Highness could have had, could you have been guilty of it your self, lay upon the Necks and Shoulders of the Papists. All which rendered them so Obnoxious all over the World, and made the Burthen so heavy, which otherwise they would have made no more of, than of a Lark's Feather, that they resolv'd to rid themselves of it, if it were possible to be done by the Art of Jesuits; and I was inform'd that they had sent a most splendid Embassy of Thirty Thousand Masses and *Ora pro Nobis*'s, and that your Nephew the Pope had offer'd you the Restitution of Purgatory to give your Assistance.

Pluto. 'Tis very true, *Belfagor*, to a Tittle as you say, and thereupon we advis'd with our Chief Justice *Rhadamanthus* about it, who told us they were a Company of Villains

lains and Poltrons, and had so much Craft and Cunning already, that if we lent them any more, we might chance to rue the fatal Effects of our Kindness; and desir'd us to beware of the sad Example of our Father *Saturn*. Thereupon we excus'd our selves by telling them, that neither we nor our Royal Consort, had ever been bred to Church-Musick, and therefore had no kindness for it; and that for their Exorcisms, we had now learn'd more Wit than to fear them.

Belfagor. Then I believe that it was upon the Return of their Embassy, that they set up to Work for themselves, for presently they rais'd a hugious high Mountain, which they call'd *Forty-One*, out of the Mines of an Old Garrison long since dismantled, from the Top of which they daily discharg'd whole Vollies of Invectives, Libels, Tales, Stories, Shams, Surmises, Calumnies, and several other such kind of Paper Squibs against the *Whigs*, to make a Breach in the Reputation of the whole Party. This was diligently carried on by their two Principal Generals of their Artillery, Don *Abel Roper*, and Don *Examiner*, who have labour'd at the Battery Day and Night for some Time. Truly Sir, it behov'd the Papists so to do, because their

Necessities

Necessities press'd hard upon them at first, for the Principal Provinces of *Revolution-Island*, that is to say, *Tory-Land*, *Whig-Land*, and *Tantivy-Shire* were against them, and the Chief Governour of the Fortrefs *Pecunia* was a *Whiglander*, by whose admirable Courage and Conduct the Plotters were every where overthrown, defeated, and cut off; which they seeing resolv'd if possible to work him up to a Surrender, which they happily effected at last by Treachery, having rendred him Suspected to his Mistress by whose Authority he held it. Animated with this Success, and a Numerous Army of specious Pretences, large Promises, sly Insinuations, cunning Perswasions, false Oaths, crafty Protestations, and Masquerade Counterfeits, they soon reduc'd a great Party of *Tory-Land* under their Subjection, and are now endeavouring the utter Ruine and Devastation of *Whigland*, which it is very probable they may effect, unless some unforeseen Accident turns the Tables upon them, because they are possess'd of all the Avenues leading to it, and have cut off their Communication with their Old Friend and Allie *Mynbeerlandia*. To this purpose these *Tory-Land* Pamphleteers like Moles delving and digging unwarily in the Dark and Ob-
scure

secure Mines of Jesuitism, little dreaming that these Mines will at length fall upon themselves, nor Considering that whatever Interests and Prerogatives of Princes, these Authors may pretend, *Pera il mondo e ruina il cielo* is their Motto; they care not though all the Interests and Prerogatives of all the Princes in the World are utterly ranvers'd, so they may uphold their own. And all this proceeds from the Enormous Pride of the Clergy, who not enduring any Equals, much less Superiors, would have all the World under their Girdles. And thus having given your most Illustrious *Sontiness* the best Account I can, of the Hazards and Incumbrances you will meet with in making any Attempt upon the Globe of the Earth. I again Advise you to keep your Old Station, where you live at Ease, with full Command and Dominion.

Pluto. Well---- But is there no Appearance of Alterations in the Course of Affairs, for the Name of this Island shews it is subject to many Vicissitudes and Changes?

F

Belfagor.

Belfagor. Truly, Sir, by what I observe, my Opinion is, there is very little Probability of any such Thing; though I must own the *Whiglanders* stand Obstinately upon the Defensive, and by the Means of Velt Mareschal Medly, who is a Stanch *Marston Moor-Officer*; the *Generals, Observer and Review*; the *Flying-Post, Spectator, and Daily-Contrant*, that are accounted very Zealous assertors of what they call *Liberty and Property*, and encourage them to stand to their Arms, are in hopes of weathering the Storm they apprehend is gathering round 'em. Especially since they have lately worsted the Enemy, and beat them off from an Attack which they made on the *Bank and Indian Forts*, the two Bulwarks of their Country, and have had Interest enough to Garrison them with such Officers and Soldiers as are Hearty for the Cause.

Pluto. Things may mend upon their Hands. Till then I'll e'en keep where I am, though I should have little Heart, to reside amongst those Islanders, should the Party I am am an Abettor of gain their
Ends

Ends, if what a new Subject of mine brings me down has any Truth in it.

Belfagor. Then your Highness has had some Account previous to mine.

Pluto. There it is, read it, and you'll not be so fast in your Friendship for such Turbulent and Factionous Dispositions ;

Belfagor (reads) *King James his Advice to his Son.* Take heed of these Puritans, the very Pests (or Plagues) in the Church and Commonwealth, whom no Deserts can oblige, neither Oaths nor Promises bind, breathing nothing but Sedition and Calumnies; aspiring without measure, railing without Reason, and making their own Imaginations (without any Warrant of the Word) the square of their Conscience. I protest before the great God, and, since I am here, as upon my Testament, it is no Place for me to Lye in, that you shall never find with any Highland or Border Thieves, greater Ingratitude and more Lies, and vile Perjuries than with these Phantick Spirits. Suffer not the Principals of them to brook your Land, if you like to sit at rest; except you would keep them for
F 2 trying

trying your Patience, as Socrates did an Evil Wife. I was oft times calumniated by these fiery spirited Men in their Popular Sermons, not for any Evil or Vice in Me, but because I was a King, which they thought the highest Evil. If this be true your Highness has espous'd the Quarrel of a notable sort of a Faction.

Pluto. Yes truly, you might have told me as much, when you came down hither first. But you was fallen on account of your suppos'd hard Usage.

Belfagor. I was afraid of falling under the Executioner's Hands for betraying Secrets of State a second time, should I have done it at that Juncture, or my Resentment of their Treatment would have made me more Communicative. Though your Highness must know I was always a rank Whig my self, one of your Scotch Field Conventiclors, notwithstanding I was brought to the Gallows by them.

Pluto. I understood as much from the Marquis of Guiscard who came down to us in Pickle during your Absence.

Belfagor,

Belfagor. By your Highness's leave I'll read the other Paper, and go and confer Notes with him for the Enlargement of your Territories another way, for though he pretended himself Mad a little before his Death, you will find him a Villain of as sound Intellects as has been under your Dominion for this last Century.

Pluto. Do so, and I'll afterwards make a Present of it to my Wife *Proserpine.*

Belfagor. (Reads.)

THE
 CHARACTER
 OF A
 Holy SISTER.

*SHE that can sit Three Sermons in a Day,
 And of these Three scarce bear Three Words
 (away) ;*

*She that, can rob her Husband, to repair
 A Budget Priest, that noses a long Prayer ;
 She that with Lambskin purifies her Shoes,
 And with half Eyes and Bible softly goes ;
 She that her Pocket with Lay-Gospel stuffs,
 And edifies her Looks with little Ruffs ;*

She

She that loves Sermons better than her Rest,
 Still standing stiff that longest are the Best;
 She that will Lye, yet swears she hates a Lyar,
 Except it be that Man that will lye by her;
 She that at Christenings thirsteth for most Sack,
 And draws the broadest Handkerchief for Cake;
 She that Sings Psalms devoutly next the Street,
 And beats her Maids i'th' Kitchen where none
 (See't;
 She that will sit in Shops for Five Hours space,
 To Register the Sins of all that pass:
 Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say,
 That none can possibly be sav'd but they;
 That hangs Religion in a naked Ear,
 And judge Mens Hearts according to their Hair;
 That could afford to doubt, who wrote best Sense,
 Moses or Dod on the Commandements:

She

*She that can Sigh, and cry Queen Elizabeth,
 Rail at the Pope, and scratch out sudden Death,
 And for all this can give no Reason why,
 This is an HOLY SISTER verily.*

Why truly Sir, this is exactly the Character of the Female Sectarists of the present Age, tho' written for the last; and I must hold with your Highness, may be of use to Queen Proserpine, who from thence may learn to know them truly, and how far to trust them.

Pluto. I'll away with it; you'll to the Marquiss.

Belfagor. To Mortifie him with the News that the Person whom he would have Murther'd is likely to be made a Peer, and Lord Treasurer.



Exeunt.

FINIS